

# THE LILY

DEVOTED TO THE INTERESTS OF WOMAN.

VOL. VII.]

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[NO. 4.]

## THE LILY.

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All communications designed for the paper or on business, to be addressed to

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Editor and Proprietor.

Mrs. AMELIA BLOOMER,  
Corresponding Editor.

The following lines were clipped for the LILY by a friend:

### A LADY'S HAT.

Ellen Eyrie, says the *Home Journal*, sends us the following clever original lines, upon a lady's hat:

O, it cost a hundred dollars,  
And was just the sweetest thing;  
Perched above a queen of collars,  
Tied with vast expanse of string.

And the fringe weighed twenty ounces,  
Round her mantle, short and cool;  
And her silk brocade, with flounces,  
Filled the pew superbly full.

Dainty gloves and kerchief brodered,  
In her psalm-book kept the stops;  
All the things she wore were ordered  
From the first Parisian shops.

But that hundred dollar bonnet—  
That's the gem I wished to paint—  
Such a shower of things were on it,  
Quite enough to craze a saint.

O, I could not hear a word of  
What the pious pastor said,  
For the shapes and shines unheard of,  
That were floating round her head.

Bands and plumes, and flowers and laces,  
Fancies more than you could name;  
And they say Miss Dorsey's cases  
Boast a dozen just the same.

How I wonder who will wear them—  
If the pastor seeks to teach  
By his texts, he well may spare them:  
'Tis the milliners that preach.

All our eyes such sights are drinking,  
Counting o'er their cost anew;  
And we break the Sabbath thinking,  
What if we could wear them too!

### A Song for the Opening Year.

Great God, we sing that mighty hand  
By which supported still we stand;  
The opening year thy mercy shows,  
Let mercy crown it till its close.  
With grateful hearts the past we own,  
The future—all to us unknown—  
We to thy guardian care commit,  
And peaceful leave before thy feet.  
Doddridge.

### AN EVERY DAY CASE.

For the Lily.

"Suppose you try an experiment this time, my dear," said Mrs. H. to her husband, as she tied on his neck handkerchief, when he was about to start on a journey to Pittsburg. "Suppose when you call at the tavern, cold, hungry and tired, you refrain from calling, as usual, for a glass of ardent spirits, and call for some biscuit and cheese, and a glass of cold water, or a cup of hot coffee; and see if you do not return in better health and spirits than when you take anything stronger."

"Say no more to me, wife, on that subject," said he, rather impatiently, "I know better than any body else, what I need when traveling, and I know how to take care of myself." So saying he turned on his heel, and without bidding her good bye, mounted his wagon, put whip to his horses and drove off.

She stood looking after him, till he disappeared in the distance, and then in her closet earnestly commended him to the care of One whose watchful care she knew full well he needed.

Mr. H. had been brought up by religious parents, but in those times when it was thought necessary to have ardent spirits on all extra occasions—when it was believed to be an antidote against heat and cold; a preventive of disease, and a beverage without which harvesting and haying could not be done, or a quilting or visiting performed. Hence it was more or less used in every family, and he early contracted a taste for it, which had grown with his growth, but as he early became pious, and a member of a Christian church, he so far restrained himself as not to be a habitual drunkard. Yet of late Mrs. H. had observed with great concern, that the thirst for ardent spirits was growing stronger, while he, with a constitution much impaired by excessive labor and exposure to heat and cold, could bear less than formerly. Indeed, a few days previous to the above conversation, one day while killing hogs, it being severely cold weather in December, he had indulged in drinking so freely, that he was nearer over the dam than she had ever seen him.

After their removal to Ohio, the first agitation of the temperance reform commenced. There began to be much talk concerning it in the neighborhood, and all but two or three, who had heard some lecturing in a neighboring town on the subject, decided warmly against it, among whom was Mr. H. The cry was, it is the work of designing men; they want to run it into politics; they want to unite Church and State, &c

It accidentally happened, when Mrs. H. was absent from home, that she had an opportunity to hear a lecture on temperance, and the whole matter was so elucidated, and so powerfully applied to the conscience, that she became a convert and signed the pledge. When she came home and told her husband what she had done, he was much displeased, and said, "I have said I would not live with a woman that would sign that pledge; if it were not for our children I would leave you." No lecturers came into their neighborhood for some two or three years after. The excitement gradually died away, and in the meanwhile they removed to another neighborhood.

Mrs. H. had been gradually growing cold on the subject, and to please her husband had tasted

the morning glass, and not being sufficiently decided to refuse, had sometimes tasted in other places. But a devoted friend of temperance one day brought in a book composed of temperance papers, stitched together, and laid them on the mantle piece. She being fond of reading as soon as she had leisure took them down and began to read, and to her surprise and amazement, read her own condemnation. Every word carried conviction to her soul. She saw a great responsibility resting on herself in regard to the welfare of her family—she saw her husband eminently exposed to the destroyer, and she asked herself what example have I set before my four sons and three daughters? What influence have I exerted upon them? If they become inebriates, will it not become my fault? And if they fill a drunkard's grave, and find a drunkard's hell, will not their blood be found in my skirts?

At once she resolved to make a confession to her family, and never to touch, taste or handle the accursed thing more. The next morning, when they were assembled for prayers, as usual, she took that opportunity, and addressed them in the following manner: "My dear husband and children, I have a confession to make to you all. I signed the temperance pledge; in so doing, I promised to abstain wholly from spirituous liquors as a beverage. I have violated that pledge. You have seen me taste it. I have done wrong, and am sorry for it—I want you all to forgive me, for I do believe it is the duty of every one totally to abstain from it as a beverage; if not on their own account, for the sake of others, that the common, unnecessary use of it may become unpopular and out of fashion."

Her husband and eldest son, now 21 years of age, said they thought she was a little beside herself—alleging that what they drank could hurt no one, and was nobody's business but their own—and both declared that they would never sign a temperance pledge.

From this time she totally abstained, and found occasion now and then to say something in favor of the cause, which she felt she could do with better effect after what had passed.

Once more she saw him the worse for what he had drank; after he became sober she expostulated with him in the following manner: "My dear husband, why will you continue to drink when you know that it hurts you. I can see that you look pale and enfeebled—your appetite fails, and if you continue this, I fear we shall soon have to part with you, for you cannot live long. There is but little in the jug—may I not empty it?"

He remained silent for some time, then in a low voice answered yes.

The jug was duly and joyfully emptied, no more to be replenished while he lived. The spring following he even raised his barn without it, and she gladly made cakes and pies as a substitute. His haying and harvest went off also, without the good "critter." Yet he was not wholly a temperance man—he insisted that the "O! be joyful," when traveling; besides, he would be a man among men. He would not trouble a public house and call for nothing, or refuse the kind and manly return of a treat. Hence he persisted in declaring he never would sign the pledge up to the time



his taking the journey mentioned at the beginning of my story.

He was gone a week or more, when some of the younger children came running in from their play, almost breathless with joy, saying, "Ma, pa is coming, and each little one ran to meet him, to obtain a ride. When he came in, she observed he looked very pale, and under his hat a handkerchief was bound around his forehead, and some scratches were visible on his temple. All eagerly inquired, "Pa, what ails your head?" He answered that he had had a fall and hurt it. But least she should press him to make disclosures he might not wish to make, she forbore to ask many questions, but hastened to get him warm refreshments.

During the evening he seemed unusually silent, and after they retired to rest he said, "E—, I have something to tell you, and wish to ask your advice, when he proceeded as follows: The first day after I left home, I drove on till half an hour before sunset. I then called at a tavern to warm, intending to put up at the next tavern, five miles distant. I took a glass of brandy, warmed a few minutes, and started on. After being some distance, I felt what I had drank severely; in the twilight of evening one of the forewheels of the wagon fell suddenly into a deep rut, and threw me off my seat, and my head struck against the frozen bank, beside the road, and so stunned me that I lay insensible, I know not how long. When I came to myself, my team stood still; I felt I was badly hurt—knew not whether I could proceed. All I had ever said against the temperance cause rushed into my mind. I saw that in fighting against it, I had been fighting against God. I fell on my knees and solemnly vowed to God that if he would spare me to go home, I would confess my sin to all, and sign the temperance pledge; and now, as no one knows what I have related to you but God and ourselves, should I confess it in public life?"

She told him she thought it sufficient to avow the change in his sentiments, confessing he had been wrong, which he did, signed the pledge, and preached temperance the remaining years of his life.

E. S.

Coply, Summit county, Ohio.

For the Lily.

DEAR MRS. BIRDALL:—I have long been a reader of the *Lily*, and an ardent admirer of the principles therein advocated—of the freedom and justice with which all subjects of reform are treated. The numerous discussions on Intemperance and its evils, have interested me deeply. While reading an article on the duty of a drunkard's wife, in a late number, a case in point recurred to me, that I heard related about a year ago, which I will tell you as briefly as possible:

About twenty-six years ago, in one of the oldest settled towns of western New York, lived the wealthy old farmer whose only daughter is one of the chief actors of our story. She had been left without a mother's care at an early age, and had consequently become familiar with the duties of a household. Her father had spared no pains that she might enjoy the advantages of as good an education as the country then afforded; and as her personal appearance was in keeping with her fine mind, and kind heart, she soon became the star of the place, as well as of her father's home. As would be supposed, with beauty, wealth and worth, she had no lack of suitors, many of whom. I am sorry to say, were attracted more by the first two qualifications, than by the last. But Mary was a girl of sound sense, and knew her own worth too well to marry any of the money-seeking fops.

A young man of amiable and pleasing appearance and industrious habits, (whom we will call Charles Winthrop) and who seemed every way worthy of her, sought her hand, and was accepted. They were married; and for one year their happiness was uninterrupted. But shadows came at last. Mary began to fear her husband was forming a habit which would eventually work his ruin. But he was confident in his own strength, and had no fears. About this time they removed to a village not many miles from her father's residence, where Mr. Winthrop became proprietor of a hotel; and as he kept the tempting beverage, (that ruins so many of our young men, and which was at that

time so freely and so universally used,) for the convenience of his customers, it soon became so necessary to his own comfort, that his fond wife was forced to acknowledge her fears were too true. Gradually he sank, step by step, until from one of the noblest of God's creatures, he became a drunken sot. The faithful, loving wife besought him to reform, but all to no purpose, for his promises were broken as soon as temptation came in his way. At last she persuaded him to leave the hotel, and remove to the west.

In a retired little settlement in Michigan, they made their home, and he became sober again. Thus they lived for some time; and now a bright, blessed babe is given them, and Mary's cup of happiness seems full. But, alas! she has scarcely tasted, e'er 'tis dashed to the ground—for the tempter followed them, in the shape of a *grog-shop*. Towards this Charles, in spite of his wife's entreaties, directs his steps night after night, with his daily earnings, until he becomes more degraded than ever; and his poor broken-hearted wife is deprived of all the comforts, and almost of the necessities of life, and also of the society to which she has been accustomed. But she could bear all this, and more, if the husband whom she once idolized, had remained the same. But what will not the rum-fiend accomplish? He who had sworn to love, cherish and protect, had raised his hand in anger against her. He to whom she had given her heart's best affections, had become an object so loathsome that the remembrance of what he once was, and the hope that he might reform, was all that kept her by his side. At times when she looked on the little prattler at her knee, and thought of the misery, suffering and vice (for drunkenness robs most men of virtue, and Charles was not an exception) to which she would be exposed, as the child of a drunkard, she began to think it her duty to remove her from his influence, and, as she reasoned with herself, whether she ought to live with a drunkard, and be the means of bringing his children into the world, to suffer and, perchance, to cause suffering by inheriting the tastes and vices of their father, because he was her husband, her resolution was taken. She could support herself and child as long as she had health—and if that failed, her father's house was always open to her. She knew she should be unhappy away from him, but she could not be more so than she already was with him. She could do him no good by staying with him, as experience had proved—therefore she decided to leave him. She was awaiting an opportunity to make known her determination to Charles, when she received a letter from her father, saying that he wished them to come and live with him, and manage his farm, if Charles could keep sober. Mary thought this a good opportunity to try him once more, as she knew there were no places where liquor could be obtained within two miles of her father's, and it would be easier for him to abstain. A week passed. One morning Charles had slept off his last night's debauch, and as he made his appearance at the scanty breakfast Mary's hand had prepared, his countenance haggard, his eyes bloodshot, and his step unsteady, she said to him, "Charles, I had resolved to live with you no longer, but my father's letter has induced me to make one more trial, if you will accede to the terms he proposes." She then explained to him her father's request; and concluded by saying, "If you do not choose to go, then I must abide by my former determination."

"Dear Charles," said she, as she saw he was about to reply, "do not blame me. God only knows the anguish I have suffered, or the pangs it has cost me to bring my mind to this. But tell me, would it be doing our duty by the child God has given us to bring her up in this way? Oh, Charles, think of it once—think of the past—of the happiness we once enjoyed, and may again, if you will only let alone the accursed poison; think of the degraded being you now are, and do try to be a man again."

Tears—repentant tears, flowed freely from the wretched man, as he replied, "Mary, oh, Mary, I have deeply wronged you, and I will do any thing you wish. I have brought poverty and disgrace upon you and our child, but I will reform. Oh! I would give worlds, were it in my power to retrace

my steps. Oh! that I had never tasted; this beastly appetite is dragging me down to a drunkard's grave; but I know I can conquer it, and I will. We will go to your father's without delay; there I shall be, in a measure, out of the reach of the tempter." They then made a solemn promise—he, that he would henceforth abstain entirely from all that would intoxicate, and she, that she would live with him as long as he kept that promise, and no longer.

The first of the week following the above conversation, found them on their journey. On their arrival at her father's, they were kindly welcomed, and many hopes expressed that they would prosper, and above all, that he would succeed in his efforts to avoid falling into his old habits. This seemed to encourage him, and he appeared cheerful and happy.

All went on well for some time. Charles was industrious and steady, and Mary had regained something of her old happy looks, when she thought she discovered signs of the rum-demon again. Her husband grew petulant, and began to neglect his business. She tried to flatter herself that it could not be, as he seldom left home, and had no opportunity of procuring the poison. At last, one bright sunny Sabbath, Mary and her husband were alone, and during the day, she noticed his frequent visits to the barn (as she supposed,) which, with his strong breath and unsteady nerves, led her to suspect that he had liquor concealed. Finally, as he rose to go out again, she concluded to follow him unobserved. He passed out of the house in the direction of the barn, and as soon as he had got far enough to be beyond the reach of observation from his window, he left the path and proceeded to the open cellar. Mary saw him enter it, and make his way to a barrel containing vinegar for making vinegar for the use of the family, and drawing a cup from behind the barrel, he filled it, and drank. He was stooping for another dram, when Mary arrested his attention.

"Charles Winthrop," said she, "you have broken your promise, but I shall keep mine!"

He was startled, and his first feeling was anger at being discovered. He threw the cup at her, and then followed her to her room, cursing and swearing. The cider had begun to do its work. He passed the greater part of the afternoon and night in heaping abuse upon his wife, and threatening her life. But she bore it in silence, and avoided his blows as best she could; but, thought she, "this is the last time."

Her father demanded admittance to the room several times, saying he would not have such a brute in his house, but Mary begged to be allowed to manage him herself until he was sober. At length he became calm, and she succeeded in getting him to bed, and he was soon lost to consciousness in the drunken sleep that followed. She then took her frightened child upon her lap, and sat by the open window, to think and prepare her mind for carrying out her determination. At last the sleeper awoke, just as the sun was peeping above the horizon—his head aching, and brain confused, and seeing his wife, his impression was that she had just arisen.

"Why, Mary," said he, "what calls you up so early?"

She gave him a look that brought back the past night with painful distinction to the mind, as she said, "Charles, I have not been to bed this night. I have prepared your clothes, and you may go as soon as you please. My father's house is open to me, but not to you, for you have violated your promise, and I shall live with you as a wife no longer."

Charles had by this time arisen—he saw she was in earnest, and he plead with all the eloquence he was master of, to be allowed one more trial.

"No, Charles," said she, "my resolution is unalterable. I shall bear with you no longer—your child, as well as its mother, now bear the marks of your last night's violence. If intemperance was your only failing, and if this could be the last time we need fear you, I might be induced to listen; but experience has taught me better—there is a time when 'forbearance ceases to be a virtue,' and that time has come." Mary then



led the way to her father's room, and the trio seated themselves, while Mary, beginning with her girlhood, gave the history of her life; she told of the hopes and fears, marriage, happiness, shadows, promises as often broken, her own promise, and now its fulfilment.

Charles plead guilty—professed sorrow, and again promised amendment, but all to no purpose. When he found her determination could not be shaken, he became angry, and swore he would have his child. She told him he was not fit to train her up, and he could not get her as long as she had friends—and so they parted. He hung about the place for some time. Once he succeeded in capturing the child on her way to school, but her cries brought the neighbors to her assistance, and she was rescued from the arms of her unnatural father. The law would have given her to him, and I know of no reason why he did not resort to it, unless it was a lack of means. At last he gave her up, and the last I heard of him he was living in one of the Western States, in the lowest stage of drunkenness and misery. Mary is now a matron, "fair and forty," an earnest advocate of temperance, and a constant reader of the *Lily*. She lives in one of the pleasantest villages of western New York—supports herself handsomely, and sends her daughter (who is the very counterpart of her mother,) to one of the best Seminaries in the State. She says she has never regretted for a moment leaving her husband, although she loved him—aye, worshipped him.

And now, candid reader, compare the seven long years of misery she endured, and the vice she and her child were compelled to witness, with the peace and plenty, happiness and advantages, they now enjoy—in short, "look on this picture, then on that," and tell me—did she do her duty?

LUCY —

For the *Lily*.

#### LITTLE MARY.

One night after little Mary had eaten her supper and studied her lesson, she went to the door to look at the bright stars, but found, that though it was not very dark, the sky was overcast with clouds and not a star was to be seen. Yet, she was not disappointed—for the pure atmosphere was filled with snow-flakes that danced, and hesitated, and played with each other as they descended upon the spotless carpet that now covered the earth.

Mary could not resist the temptation to run way into the yard and sport with the falling snow-flakes—but what was her surprise, when she found that the snow was already so deep that it more than cover her little shoes.

Delighted with the softness and beauty of all about her, she laughed, and sang, and ran about for awhile, then layed down upon the yielding snow-bed, and gazed upward at the lightly dancing flakes, all dimly seen, like sporting spirits in some fairy-land. She felt them gently kiss the roses upon her cheeks, and quietly rest upon her dark eye lashes, and soon she was covered with a robe of white, pure as angels wear. She did not think of being cold, for her soul was enamored with the beauty about her; and her thoughts flitted with the falling snow-flakes, until tired, even of earth's loveliness—they rested in the land of dreams.

That lovely, beautiful child, reclining on a cold, though yielding bed of purest white—the snow her coverlet, and wanton flakes and delicate crystals mingled with the glossy curls of her golden hair, induced a little band of angels to come down with sweet music, and invite the little sleeper away to the land of Paradise, where beauty never fades—where love reigns, and the purity of a thousand enjoyments is never tarnished.

ANEMONE.

Newport, Ind., 1855.

For the *Lily*.

#### POOR HOUSE ENOUGH FOR JIMMY.

One morning at a very early hour, I knocked at the door of a friend's house, in a flourishing town, some forty miles from home. Railroads are rapidly breaking in upon the world's formality, so I made no apology for leaving home so early as to reach them before breakfast.

They had never been blest with children of their own, and rather than lead the cold, selfish life so

often led by those who never suffered sorrow and self-denial for offspring, they had adopted a little fellow, whose father had perished in one of the fearful disasters on the lakes. I had remarked the happiness of the child, and wished that every orphan might find the loss of parents as fully made up as this cheerful, well fed, and well taught child had done.

But now as I entered the hall, I heard a merry little voice echoing through the house.

"Mother, Jimmy can dress himself this morning."

Willy had opened the door for me, so there must be some new inmate. After a kindly greeting from my friends, I ventured to ask what little voice I heard ringing so merrily a moment before.

"It is our youngest child's," said Mrs. R.; "have you not seen him?"

Just at that moment the bright, laughing face of a child, between two and three years old, peeped in for a moment, and then glanced back.

"Come in, Jimmy," said the minister, pleasantly; and little Jimmy, with half his clothes in his arms, came shyly in; and while his new papa undertook to learn the mysteries of a new suit of baby-clothes, in which Jimmy presently discovered the manly appendage of two pockets, he told me how the sunshine of his baby face came to illumine their home.

A few months before, while the cholera was raging in the place, a poor, but respectable Scotch laborer, who had recently removed thither, was suddenly called to his last home, leaving a wife and one child. A day or two after, one of the clergymen of the town in his round of visits to the sick, found that the mother had been attacked with the same disease. He went up into the little chamber and found her lying upon a straw mattress upon the floor. But the consciousness of suffering and loneliness had departed, and the clergyman felt that all which now remained to do was to carry the sleeper to her long repose.

He measured the body and went to order a coffin, hoping to get one immediately, so as to place the corpse in it before dark. The undertaker, however, would not promise it before morning and he returned to make the room secure. Seeing one arm a little out of place, he took it "to compose it decently," when the supposed corpse set upright, and in some surprise, said—

"Good evening."

He was shocked by the strange occurrence, but inquired kindly for her health, and on being assured that she was better, went to procure medical aid and other aid. All night long the poor mother, in the midst of terrible suffering, would exclaim—

"What will become of little Jimmy. God take care of little Jimmy."

Early the following morning she departed, leaving her only child alone in the wide, strange world.

The family living in the room below had been very kind, but the mother was taken sick with cholera, and the child wandered out into the streets, and for nearly a whole day he was exposed to the burning sun, and without food. Near evening some one found him, who recognized him, and took him to the overseers of the poor.

Their individual charities had been taxed to the utmost by the suffering around them, and they decided that Jimmy must be sent to the poor house.

The benevolent gentleman, at whose house I found him, chanced to hear the conversation, said to the poor master—

"Send him to our house, that is poor-house enough for Jimmy."

So the little one came into their home and hearts through the gates of mercy, and his merry laugh and musical chatter had already won their deepest love.

"How I wish I had thirty thousand dollars, and I would build an orphan asylum large enough to receive all the children of sorrow and want, that might come to me."

"Your orphan asylum is well begun" said I, and if all would go and do likewise, there would be no homeless ones to require great Asylums, where the little attentions and love of home that are the true sources of all that is amiable in the heart, are so liable to be overlooked. A mother's bosom on

which to lean the aching head, a father's hand to lead the young neophyte into the mysteries of life, seem almost indispensable to the development of human sympathy in the young soul. And are there not enough who have no children of their own blood, on whom to lavish their corroding affections, who would be made happier and better, by seeking out these little lambs whom the Savior so especially enjoined his disciples to feed? Children who only need care, love and instruction, to render their blessings on earth, and angels of love when they go hence.

H. M. T. C.

#### ECONOMY.

BY MRS. L. H. SIGOURNEY.

"My husband cannot afford to hire a nurse for the little ones," said a young friend. "We have so many we must economize."

Her mother suggested that the expenditure should be saved in some other department of house keeping, in the toilet, or in luxurious entertainment. But the counsel was not accepted by the daughter, who in her zeal for economy failed to comprehend its elementary principles.

She commenced her task with vigor and confidence in the correctness of her own decision.—Sickness in the various forms that mark the progress of dentition, and neglect of slight diseases in their first symptoms, came upon her young family. Uninstructed by experience in nursing, she gave powerful medicines for trifling maladies, and summoned and teased physicians when nature was simply perfecting her own operations. The children who had advanced from infancy, were indulging bad dispositions and acquiring bad habits. She knew it. But what could she do? She was depressed by fatigue. The wardrobe of her numerous little ones, continually required her attention. It would not do for them to be unfashionably clad, or appear worse than their neighbors. So the soul, being out of sight, must suffer most. Shutting her eyes to evil, or hasty punishment, rendering it still more inveterate, were the only resources of her hurried and hurrying mode of existence. For her there seemed no rest. If health returned to her young family, mental diseases were disclosed. She became spiritless, nervous and discouraged. She was harassed by the application of force among the inferior machinery. When at last it was necessary that power should be brought to bear upon the minds committed to her care, she was painfully conscious that her energies had spent themselves in other channels. Running up the shrouds like a ship boy, the helm where she should stand was left vacant. The pilot, steering among rocks, does not weary himself with the ropes and rigging which a common sailor may as well manage and better understand.

The temper and constitution of the young mother became equally impaired. Her husband complained of the bad conduct and rude manners of the children. What could she do? She was sure there was nothing but toil and trouble by night and by day. This was true. There was an error in economy. The means were not adapted to their highest ends. She was an educated woman and a Christian. Her children should have reaped the advantages of her internal wealth as soon as their unfolding minds cast forth the first beam of intelligence. But she led the life of a galley slave, and their heritage was in proportion.

Is this an uncommon example? Have we not often witnessed it? Have we not ourselves exhibited some of its lineaments.—*Mrs. Whittier's Mother's Magazine*.

"How can a youth withstand the world's dread laugh, Which scarce the firm philosopher can scorn."

That philosophy which originates only in the principles of morality, creates an independence of mind founded on self-importance, which scorns the laugh of those it deems beneath its own standard of perfection; but the perfection which the true spirit of christianity produces, enables even the "young person to withstand the ridicule excited by the simplicity of those principles which lead to a life of strict rectitude.—*Friends' Intelligencer*.



# THE LILY.

RICHMOND, IND., FEBRUARY 15, 1853.

## TO CORRESPONDENTS.

P. S. DEGARMO.—Thanks for your kind wishes—and as we shall mail the papers with our own hand, hope you will have no difficulty about them. On the last year mail books, your county was not given.

R. P. SUGG.—We will be greatly obliged.

REV. G. W. SLATER.—We return our warm thanks; your orders will meet prompt attention.

JOHN GRAYBILL.—Please send your county.

EMILY PICKERING.—Your name was not in the list of subscribers having papers due them; but on referring to the last year's book, left with us, you are credited for the time you mention. All is now right, and if the papers do not regularly come, it will not be our fault. We have registered your name and forwarded back numbers.

RICHARD KIRBY.—Your name is neither on our book nor among the names of subscribers given us, as having papers due them, nor on the last year's mail books. We forward specimen numbers to the address sent, and if papers are due you, they shall be forwarded.

LETITIA SMITH's subscription does not expire until September.

GOOD NEWS.—The prohibitory law has passed both branches of our Legislature.

## WOMAN'S WRONGS.

The fact of the servitude of woman, although many times denied, as indeed may be, and are, other of the most palpable facts, is acknowledged oft times, or evidenced by casual expression from the lips of even public lecturers, in presence of the most intelligent audiences. One case in point, is that of Dr. Devey, who declared his willingness under certain circumstances, to send his mother into chattel slavery. If we acknowledge that this was a mere form of expression used to show the decided superiority in his view, of certain enactments that annul the very commandments of heaven, still it answers our purpose to show that our laws and our popular logic are such as to instill into the people's heart of hearts, through all grades of society, the feeling that woman is, and that too, by all that is right, in a servile condition, and it is only left to a few weak sticklers to chivalric customs to "honor parents," and talk of woman as the one for whom "man will lie down his life," or the one from whose shoulders he will take all of time's burthen to his own more stalwart ones, and for whom he will stem the clashing tide of life's tempestuous sea.

We hear it preached that woman is, and in consequence of her weakness, must remain to be a favored, a *taken-care-of* person; yet, in practice, how, indeed, is it. We would suppose almost from the abundance of talk, that it was fairly a privilege to be a "widow" or an "orphan;" yet the law will rob them of their own, and give to hungry officers, for not needed attentions and officious cares, sufficient to educate the orphan, and dry the widows tears. Yet, this is the *requisite care of the law*, according to man's interpretation, and widows incumbrances, and orphan's estates, must pay a per cent. to broadclothed officers for, in their disinterestedness, looking after them, and counting over what they have.

All the world says woman have the greatest need of education; yet the first class educational institutions are closed against her; even those chartered by government, which of all, should be equal and impartial in their benefits; and those in the

second class, do not always open to her knock, or allow her to pursue knowledge without many reminders that she is a woman, and has no need for anything but that which will please man's fancy.—The idea is not given out, that, as in the complication of society, all parts act and re-act upon each other; therefore, each should be equally and thoroughly developed by educational advantages; but the practice is to throw around one half of community all of the inducements and advantages, and let the "weaker sex" take care of themselves as best they can.

The paucity of woman's means is generally known, as they can enter many societies, and at a charitable "half price," or a considerate "no charge;" yet only an extremely unfashionable minority will at all pay woman according to work done, but according to the sex of the worker.—Woman can command but half the price, and very often less than half what is cheerfully awarded to men, and considered only as living wages—yet women like independence in pecuniary matters, just as well as men, and the various little devices, society, fashion, to enable them to eke out their little money, and make in the end, wants and means ostensibly balance, are harrowing to the soul, crippling to the energies, and dwarfing to the mind.

All of these customs early teach the child, which as has been truly said, is father to the man, that woman is in a servile condition, and as early instill into woman's mind, an enervating sense of her unenviable condition.

But as their reform is agitated, they will be redressed, and the time will come soon, when apologists for them will receive the just indignation of insulted womanhood, as did the Reverend Dr. before mentioned.

A British peer, when dining, lately with the Queen, was challenged by a Royal Duchess to take wine with her. His lordship politely thanked her Grace, but declined the compliment, stating that he never took wine. The Duchess immediately turned to the Queen, and jocularly said, "Please your Majesty, here is Lord —, who declines wine at your Majesty's table." Every eye was turned to the Queen, and not a little curiosity was evinced as to the manner in which the total abstainer would be dealt with by royalty. With a smiling and graceful expression, Her Majesty replied, "There is no compulsion at my table."

So says an English paper. What a pity the Queen did not say emphatically, *that is right*.—Among her subjects her lightest word is told from tongue to tongue, and has a powerful influence. And if, with this influence, the determination to do all possible in moral reform was combined, how much of the work could be done at an early day. If it could be brought to bear directly upon the Temperance reformation, the work would immediately be done.

WOMAN now possesses this power in this country. Was her determination to abolish the liquor traffic equal to her influence, she could to-day accomplish it. Could she but be induced to take up the resolution, soon this yearly army of thirty thousand of our citizens who are filling drunkard's graves, and passing to a drunkard's destiny, would be disbanded, and the effectiveness of thirty thousand sober citizens added every year to the populatative wealth of our country, and a large amount of crime and suffering staid; at the same time the people would be relieved of the enormous taxation to support paupers and punish crime.

The employment of female operators in the telegraphic offices of England seems to work well. Some of them have attained a dexterity at the instrument quite equal to that of the best and most experienced male operators. The motion of working the telegraphic machine is similar to that of playing on the piano, only that the piano is a hundred times more difficult. We hope the ladies will soon have an opportunity of trying their hands in the offices of American telegraphic companies.

## Exchange.

American telegraph companies have, in a few instances, given women an opportunity of "trying their hands" at this business, and we doubt not it works as well in this country as in England. There is nothing about the business itself, certainly, beyond the capacity of any ordinary woman; and nothing but a false public sentiment which prohibits women from entering upon employments beyond the routine of the kitchen, the factory, or the school room, prevents their being more generally employed as telegraph operators. In Ohio, there are at least two women in telegraph offices; and one of these, with whom we spent several days this winter, we know to have "attained a dexterity at the instrument" equal to that of many of the best male operators. We believe there are a few others employed in different sections of the country, though their number is far less than it should be. It is a business as well suited to woman as is type setting, and in some respects is far preferable to that business.

We were told a few weeks since, that Mr. Wade had expressed the wish to have many more of the offices on his line filled by "female operators"; and we doubt not that good operators of our sex could secure situations from him. But where or how young women could gain a knowledge of the art, we do not know. We fear it would be with this business even worse than with type setting. Men have monopolized the offices, and they will not be very ready to give instructions to women, and thus allow them to become competitors with themselves, in this branch of business.—Woman has this difficulty to encounter, in every movement she makes to improve her condition; and not till our young men learn that the higher employments belong more especially to women, while it is theirs to fell the forests, cultivate the rich prairies, build cities, navigate the rivers and ocean, and to engage in the thousand other fields that open before them, where strength of muscle and vigor of frame is needed, will she be permitted to develop her God given powers, and use them for her own good and that of the world.

A more liberal sentiment is pervading the minds of the people, year by year—and they are more ready, than of old, to see and acknowledge the needs and the capacities of woman. We have faith to believe that a few more years will so enlighten the public mind on this point, that she will find no obstacles in the way of her employment in telegraph offices, or any other business that she may choose to engage in.

A. B.

## Indiana Supporting Temperance Papers.

T. A. GOODWIN, of Brookville, Indiana, has been making efforts to get up a Temperance paper; after waiting a sufficient season, and subscribers not coming in sufficient to justify the enterprise, he comes to the conclusion, though we confess it borders somewhat on the ridiculous, that Indiana cannot support a Temperance paper; and so thinking, it is the duty of our temperance people to support the "nearest and the best one, which is Cary's Organ." He "is now satisfied, he writes to the Organ, that there never will be another Temperance paper in Indiana," and strongly urges Indianians to rally around this nearest one to our State.



What a graceless set our people must be, and if we cannot prove they have and *do nobly* support temperance papers, shall certainly have to conclude they do not deserve temperance salvation.

But regularly comes to our hand, from the very vicinity of Brookville, a genuine Temperance Journal, worthy and receiving a most generous support from our people, called *The Temperance Wreath*, and edited by Lavina Brownlee and M. Louisa Chitwood, at Connersville. It is an excellent paper, has such a life and earnestness about it, that it cannot fail to do good.

Then *The Lily* cannot complain of non-support by any means. And then there are a host of excellent papers not devoted may be, to Temperance alone, yet containing fully as much upon the subject, as does the National Organ.

We should be glad did that, as well as all such journals, receive twice the amount of aid and comfort they do, but we do not like to see it in print that our State cannot support any in our midst—for, assuredly, Indiana does support Temperance papers; and as an evidence of the good that has been done, we will have a fair prospect for an effectual prohibitory law, should our Governor not veto it, and our judges not pronounce it unconstitutional.

We would suggest to the editors of the Temperance papers in our State, to send a specimen copy to T. A. Goodwin, Brookville, Indiana.

ADVICE.—This is the only plentiful and really cheap article for editors. No wonder they cannot live sumptuously, and *break up* full handed. A comforting thought occurs to us in dwelling upon it, however; we have often heard it recommended to those who would write or lecture well, to *eat very sparingly*. Now advice is lighter diet than crackers and water, and cheaper, too, when we do not get it of the lawyers; so maybe, after all, editors are a favored class in these *hard times*.

#### Editorial Correspondence.

WATERLOO, N. Y., Jan. 30, 1855.

After months of absence, I am again in the midst of kindred friends, and surrounded with scenes with which I have been familiar since my early childhood. I am now writing in the same room and on the very spot where, near fifteen years ago I stood before the priest, with a tall, manly form by my side, while friends were gathered round to witness the ceremony and listen to the words which united my destiny for life with that of the man who stood with me. I remember but little of what the minister said on the occasion. I only know that he did not make me promise to OBEY; nor did he intimate that I was to hold a secondary or inferior position in the life-partnership we were then forming. This liberality on his part was fully appreciated by me, and seemed to give entire satisfaction to my partner; and, judging from the appearance of others, our life-path has been as smooth, and as free from sorrow and strife as though I had vowed "implicit submission," and consented that my companion should become a ruler over me.

Many memories that have long slumbered, are awakened as I sit here, and the scenes of that evening are again before me. I fancy that I see around me the faces of those who were then present, and hear the voices which then offered congratulations. I lift my eyes, and all are vanished, and here I sit alone!

To me time has brought but little change.—Though near fifteen years have been added to my life, they have brought no great sorrow—no regret—but have sped peacefully and happily on, leaving the heart as young and hopeful and happy as on that eventful evening, fifteen years ago.

Would that I could say as much for all who were gathered around me then! One after another,

I call up those friends before me, and trace their histories. Of many I can say, "it is well with them." To others, time has brought much of change and sorrow. One fair girl soon after wedded, but oh! how different her lot from mine! He to whom she gave her hand and her heart's warm affections, soon wedded himself more strongly to the wine cup, and instead of seeking happiness and respectability in his own home, he took rapid strides in the drunkard's path, and after a few years ended his career in the drunkard's grave—leaving his sorrow stricken wife and several small children to buffet the waves of adversity and endure the sufferings which ever belong to the wife and children of the drunkard. It is well that he run his race so soon, ere the little ones were old enough to feel the disgrace which ever attaches to the drunkard's children, or to be ruined by his evil example.

I know not whether this woman is an advocate of woman's rights, but I see not how one can be otherwise, after being crushed and trampled upon, and having all her hopes blasted, and her life made desolate and wretched through the wicked and cruel laws which men have enacted. If such cases are not enough to awaken woman to a sense of the wrong and injustice done her, and to arouse her to demand the right to legislate for her own interests, and to protect herself, she is hardly deserving of a much better fate than that which our laws and customs have assigned her. May the experience of this wife and mother whose history we have been contemplating, lead her to guard well the footsteps of her children, that they tend not to the evil ways of their father; and may she teach them to respect the rights of woman, that the hearts of others may never through them be crushed and saddened as her own has been.

Another of that wedding group—a dear sister—appears before me. I follow her to her distant home, and soon the grave hides her from my sight. She was wedded, but after one brief happy year, she was called to bid adieu to husband, home and friends, and wing her way to a happier world. She left behind a little cherub, who still lives and bears her name—a bright, intelligent being, on whom we have bestowed much of hope and love.

But I must not dwell on these sad memories—the world is full of change, and no one is exempt from their share of them. I seldom care to look backwards. The present and the future are more inviting, and demand all our thought and energy. To those who are laboring for the good of our race, the future is full of promise. Woman, after long years of inactivity and obscurity, is taking her place on the stage of action. Her part is yet to be performed—her history is yet to be written. Such of us as are chosen instruments in bringing about this new era in the world's history are called to a great and noble mission; and though we may not live to see its full accomplishment, yet we are cheered by the promise which our faith gives us, that it will be fraught with blessings, not only to woman but to the whole world.

I see by the papers that Miss Anthony and Mrs. Rose are carrying out their plan of holding Woman's Rights Conventions in every county in this State. These meetings are held at the county seat of each county, and usually continue two days. I have not seen full reports of any of the meetings, but they are generally well spoken of by the papers. The ladies are now in the western part of the State. I presume they design going eastward to Albany soon, when they will present

a monster petition to the Legislature in behalf of woman's right of suffrage. They are obtaining many signatures wherever they go, and the cause is gaining strength by the movement.

The agents of the Women's State Temperance Society, since the election in this State, have extended their labors to other fields—or at least a part of them have done so. One is in Canada, one in Michigan, and one, I believe in Pennsylvania. Others are lecturing in this State. The Society is in a prosperous condition, and I am told that the paper published by its executive committee, and edited by its President, is well sustained. I am glad to know that its agents are extending their sphere of usefulness, and I would bespeak for them, wherever they go, a warm reception, and a liberal supply of "material aid."

Mrs. Emma R. Coe, it appears, is still pursuing the study of the law. I notice by a paragraph in the papers that she was recently registered at the office of the District Court, Philadelphia, as a student at law, in the office of Wm. T. Pierce, of the Philadelphia bar. She will, no doubt, be well learned in her profession, but whether she will be permitted to practice, and be favored with numerous clients, remains to be seen. None who have heard her can doubt her ability to argue successfully any case that may be entrusted to her.

Sarah Pellet, who went to California about a year since, has conceived a plan for bettering the condition of the people of that country, socially and morally, by introducing a large number of women among them. She proposes to raise a company of five thousand young women at the North to emigrate to California, on such conditions and under such circumstances as she has devised. Sarah has a great energy, and it is not impossible that she may effect her object; but I fear she will find that it is easier to plan than to carry out such a scheme as this.

I have not been lecturing any for two weeks past. The sickness which I mentioned in my last, unfitted me for such labor for a time, and I was obliged to give a negative answer to several invitations to stop on my way hither, much to my regret. I am now quite well again, and prepared for such duty as may be required of me.

The last evening of my stay in West Jefferson, where my last letter was dated, and where we spent a week, I gratified the people by giving the women's rights lecture I had previously promised them. It was the first time the subject had been presented there, and all were anxious to hear. I was listened to attentively, and I trust my remarks will not be lost upon my hearers. I would that there were more lecturers on that subject in the field, and sufficient pecuniary liberality among the people to sustain them. The mass of the people are ready and eager to hear, and willing to be convinced—but the laborers are few, especially at the West.

We are in the midst of a severe snow storm here—the first real winter weather I have seen in a long time. The snow is some two feet deep, and sleighs are flying about and bells jingling right merrily. Coming from the more mild climate of Central Ohio, where snow is seldom seen in any quantity, the sight is quite a novel one to us.

The *Lily* for the 15th of January, came to hand a day or two since, by which I see that my last letter did not arrive in time for publication. I will endeavor to be more prompt in future.

Some apology may be due those new subscribers who directed letters to me at Mt. Vernon,



over a month since. Such letters were in several instances forwarded to me here, and then again forwarded to Richmond, which necessarily occupied considerable time. I trust that all will be right in the end, and that this explanation will prove satisfactory to those concerned.

My friends will please direct to me at this place till the middle of March; after that time to Council Bluffs, Iowa. A. B.

The following was written for a paper edited in the Good Templar's Lodge in Randolph, O., and at the request of several members forwarded to us for publication. We give it room with pleasure:

#### A NOBLE EXAMPLE.

Senator Houston was asked by speaker Winthrop why he did not attend the usual places of amusement. He replied:

"I make it a point never to visit a place where my lady, if she were with me, would not be willing to go. I know it would give her pain to attend such places, and I will not go *any where myself* where I cannot take my wife."

This should be the expression of every true husband! Would that I could say that every husband *felt* as did our noble Senator; but *this* is not the case. Many men have not the least scruple in attending places where they would be *ashamed* to have their wives go; when, if they viewed the matter in its *true* light, they would see that it is as degrading for *them* to associate with the vulgar and licentious, as for their wives or daughters. What will degrade the *wife* will degrade the *husband*, and what will improve *one* will also improve the *other*.

An *intelligent* woman is interested in everything that will benefit herself, her family, or her country. How many wives have inquired of their "*other half*," on his return from some political caucus:

"What have you done for the good of our country?" feeling, perhaps, more anxious for its welfare than himself; but he replies—

"Do not trouble yourself about such things, your husband and brothers will see to the country's safety; *women* should not meddle with *politics*."

What an insult to our sex! Is not this country our country, as well as our husband's? When the husband is in danger, is not the *wife* also?—Has not woman *already* done much for the welfare of the country? and is she not *still* willing to work for its good?

My brothers, how little do you know of woman's ability and worth! Give her the opportunity, and she is ready to act in every *good* cause. But if you set *bounds* to woman's sphere, and say to her, "thus far shalt thou go and no farther," then you trample upon her most *sacred* rights; and it is a duty she owes to herself and her God to rise and assert those rights, and ask that justice might be done.

Would that our husbands and brothers would keep in remembrance the golden rule, and do unto their wives and sisters as they would have their wives and sisters do to them! NINA.

RANDOLPH, O.

HOUSEHOLD MEASURES.—As all families are not provided with scales and weights referring to ingredients in common use by every house wife, the following may be useful:

Wheat flour, one pound is one quart.

Indian meal, one pound and two ounces is one quart.

Loaf sugar, one pound is one quart.

Butter, when soft, one pound and one ounce is one quart.

White sugar, powdered, one pound one ounce is one quart.

Eggs, average size, ten eggs are one pound.

Sixteen large table spoonfuls are half pint, eight are one gill, four a half gill, &c.

S. S. Randall, Superintendent of Schools in New York, recommends the instruction of young ladies in book-keeping, to qualify them to fill situations to perform that labor.

#### CORRESPONDENCE.

For The Lily,

STONEHAM, Mass., Feb., 1st, 1855.

DEAR MRS. BIRDSALL.—Flowers improve by transplanting, and we trust that change of soil will be congenial to the *Lily*—that it will receive increased culture, develop new beauties, blossom more abundantly, and scatter fresh fragrance as it semi-monthly unfolds its petals in many quiet homes. Flowers have a silent language which poet souls can read. They teach many beautiful lessons. The *Lily* is an emblem of purity. It comes as a cheering messenger to radiate Truth, expose Wrong, and give the details of individual experience. While Mrs. BLOOMER is gathering materials in the far West to enrich its pages, and you from a central point study law and life in the great Valley of the Mississippi, permit me to glean a few fragments among the granite shells. Facts are significant.

Old Conservatism is startled, and in its death-grapple with the progressive spirit of the times, takes some ludicrous positions. Not long since, the Rev. Antoinette L. Brown, while on a visit at Andover, gave an able, beautiful lecture to the general acceptance of the audience, which so shocked the clerical dignity of the Rev. Lyman Whiting, of Reading, that he refused to fulfil his engagements, reluctant, no doubt, to be eclipsed by a woman. Mr. Whiting exhibited a spirit of intolerance not often manifested by the bigots of the age. With him professions are paramount to principle, and every dogma in a sectarian creed must be supported "though the heavens fall."—Leagued with a secret order to proscribe foreigners, he goes from pulpit to pulpit, denouncing Catholicism, and yet assumes as clearly as priest or Pope to be God's vicegerent, by laboring to gag women, and limit their sphere of usefulness.

Miss Brown is a young woman of superior mental attainments, endowed with high moral faculties, and keen perception. She is agreeable in her manners, and an independent thinker. Her lectures bear the stamp of originality. She feels that she alone is responsible for the improvement of the talents entrusted to her keeping. With calm dignity she met the taunts and insults of a mob of ministers in the half-world's Temperance Convention, and I do not believe all the priestcraft in christendom can brow-beat her from the path of duty. The light God has given her she dare not hide, while *Truth and Right* demand an advocate.

Parson Studley has delivered an ingenious poem before several Lyceums, entitled "Shooting Folly as it flies. He caters for the rowdy taste, by a few vulgar lessons to women—talks about a "Convention of solid men,

Who met to improve the rooster of the Shanghai hen," and alluded to other hen conventions, composed of women who wish "to swing a long tail blue and wear the trowsers too." The day is not far distant when the "sons of pilgrim sires" will scorn to employ petty priests to caricature their wives and mothers. The better part of community are already disgusted with such low ribaldry. Whenever a rude, coarse jest is perpetrated upon woman, it is sure to come from some theological gentleman, whose reverence for antiquity blinds him to the purer truth which the intelligence of the nineteenth century is diffusing. The only indecent speech ever made in any of our Women's Rights Conventions fell from the lips of the Reverend Junius S. Hatch.

Lucy Stone recently lectured before our Lyceum, on "Woman's Rights." We petitioned to hear her last winter, but the Committee never deigned to notice our prayer. One of them casually remarked that they considered it a little piece of petticoat spleen. This season their services were dispensed with, and the Board was filled with more liberal men. A correspondent of the *Middlesex Journal* accuses Miss Stone of "wholesale falsehood and misrepresentation," but as she has spoken in many of the large towns and most of the cities of the Free States, it is unnecessary to refute the silly slander. Competent judges, and the press generally speak of the rare excellence of her lectures, and our little village critic will not be likely to detract materially from

her popularity. Opportunities for developing character often place men in an unenviable light by exposing their ignorance or lack of sagacity.

An incident lately came to my knowledge which I will relate. As a leaf from *real life*, though trifling, it is suggestive, and shows that want of true independence which degrades so many of our sex. A milliner had, for several years, employed a girl in her shop. Last fall she was visited by a fellow, whose pert, meddlesome manners, and constant company, disgusted the family, and he was requested to stay away. This winter the lady wrote, as customary, to engage the girl's services, and received a pompous note from the would-be husband, saying, "we want nothing more to do with you." He thought a business proposition to one of his female acquaintances tantamount to a personal compliment, and writes *we* with all the complacency of a married man. The right to rule is a legal prerogative which most men are gallant enough to forego 'till after the nuptial rite. How any woman can consent to merge herself in such a small pattern of a beau, is more than I can imagine. Yours, truly,

LINA.

For the Lily.

#### A CHEERING LETTER.

TERRE HAUTE, Jan. 29, 1855.

MRS. BIRDSALL.—I herewith send you the names of three subscribers for the *Lily*, with the required amount of money, and would be glad to return your prospectus filled with names, had I an opportunity to obtain them, believing that its earnest and elevated tone can but exercise a beneficial influence on all who read it. I have had the pleasure of taking the *Lily* for the last year, and most cordially were its semi-monthly bloomings received, and its columns, freighted with truth, justice and philanthropy, eagerly perused.

The reforms which the *Lily* so nobly and justly advocates, are new to most persons, which accounts for the bitterness with which they are opposed by many. Like all new theories and reforms, it is sure to meet with opposition from those blind conservatives, who view with such apparent "holy horror" every deviation from the path which age or fashion has sanctioned. But like all truths, they "are mighty and must and will prevail." And now, though perhaps slowly, still they are steadily and surely gaining the ascendancy in the minds of the people, and will in time restore all those rights to woman which she so justly claims, and teach the ignorant and fashion followers, that there are physical as well as moral laws to obey—that dress should be more than merely a gaudy show—that the health and happiness of all may depend much on the manner of dressing—and learn them the folly of trying to improve the beauty of the "image of God," by deforming it. That these changes will surely come to pass, is quite evident to all who look upon it with an unprejudiced mind. Already among the advocates of these reforms may be found some of the most profound, moral and influential men and women of the present day; and soon will the truth and justice of these reforms be acknowledged by all—and many will then wonder that such oppression and folly should ever have been countenanced by intelligent minds.

That transplanting the *Lily* will not retard its growth or prosperity, and that it may continue to spread its moral and purifying influence around us, and nobly battle with prejudice, false fashions, and wrong, though "time honored," and boldly advocate truth, justice and morality, is the earnest wish of the writer.

Yours, Respectfully,

S. S. P.

To K. S. E.

For the Lily.

How oft amid trouble and sorrow,  
Even life we would yield, and not grieve,  
Nor wait for a more cheerful morrow,  
Resigning earth's joys and its horrors,  
If 'twere not for one friend we should leave.  
Every heart in itself is but lonely—  
To some kindred spirit it clings;  
'Tis its idol—it worships that only—  
And this idol robs earth of its stings.

S. E\*\* K\*\*\*\*.

January 28, 1855.



## SYNOPSIS OF THE TEMPERANCE BILL.

NOTE.—It was the wish of the Reporter to give a full synopsis of this bill, but it was taken out of the House immediately after its introduction, and he has been unable to see it. What he gave is from recollection.]

1st. It prohibits the manufacture and sale of spirituous liquors as a beverage, except that it allow the manufacture of cider and wine out of the grape, currant, &c., which may be sold by the persons making it in quantities of not less than three gallons. Foreign spirits and wine may be sold in quantities and in the casks as imported, upon certain proof that they are the same as imported.

2d. The county Commissioners are to authorize two agents in each township to sell for other purposes than as a beverage; he is to give bond in a sum not more than six thousand dollars; he is to keep a list of the sales made by him, of the names of persons purchasing, the amount sold to each, and the purpose for which they bought it, which list is to be open to inspection at all times. For violation of the condition of the bond he may be sued upon it, and the judgment is to be for the whole penalty of the bond. No liquor is to be sold to minors.

3d. The price of the liquor sold is not to exceed 25 per cent. on its cost.

4th. To carry out the objects of the bill, the right of search is given. But no search warrant can be issued until three persons, of good moral character, shall file an affidavit stating that it is their opinion and belief that liquors are kept in the premises for illegal sale. If liquors are found, they are to be taken into custody, trial is to be destroyed. If any liquor is drugged, such fact is to be taken as positive proof of intention to sell illegally, and are to be destroyed.

5th. If any man is found drunk he is to be taken into custody, and when sober, must give testimony under the pains of subjection to imprisonment, how he procured the liquor, and if illegally, proceedings are to be instituted against the persons violating the law.

6th. Penalties of fine and imprisonment are imposed on those violating the law; increasing in severity as the number of offences are multiplied by the same persons.

7th. All contracts, the consideration of which is ardent spirits, are declared void; and if it is but part consideration, it is void to that extent.

8th. Ale, beer, wines, cider and all other liquors producing intoxication are embraced under the general term of ardent spirits.—*State Jour.*

We went a day or two ago to visit an old and dear friend, between whom and ourselves for many weary years there had been but little communication. We found him where we sought him, but there was a guest at his hearth we had not thought to meet. Death was there. In a little back room, about whose casements heavy palls were twined together, excluding the gay sunlight that lay so lovingly upon the outer sill; there were two coffins—one little and one large. And within these coffins, clothed in white raiment, there were two corpses—the one that of an old man, and the other that of a babe. In the same hour Infancy and Age—the grandsire and his youngest darling—had broken away from the earth-anchorage, and drifted out upon the Stygian waves toward the Better Land.

It is often thus that the old and the young go together to their long sleep. Daily, almost, we behold the scythe of the Dark Reaper cutting down alike the growing flower and ripened grain, gathering them in one sheaf into the Upper Garner. He, of all harvesters, is the most remorseless; his only scythe whose edge is never dull. Yet He that commissions the stern old Reaper doeth all things well—and will make the dark things clear, and the crooked straight in that day when the scythe and the shroud together shall be put away forever from the presence of the ransomed.

The old man and the babe were friends—each a treasure to the other—during life and in death they were not divided. The same bark bore them to the pearly strand—the same angel led them through the golden gates; and now, over one harp, they sing together in Heaven.—*Newark Merc'y.*

## Juries of Inquest in our Town.

In a late article we spoke of some singular inconsistencies in our town, in the matter of Jury Inquests, but not the half has been told. The singularity of the inconsistencies is, that they are, in some way or other, connected with the legalized traffic in rum. We wish to say a few words more in the way of special illustrations.

By a reference to our little book, we find that on April 14, 1849, a date alluded to in the former article, a somewhat exciting incident took place in our town. A laboring man, a mechanic, who had become very intemperate, and also very destitute, was observed occupying a seat by the roadside, and to be acting very strangely. Boys were attracted by his singular conduct, and thoughtlessly were amused by it. He seemed to see something which they could not, and to be agitated. It was evident that his nerves were disordered, for at one time he fancied that he was surrounded with bees—then that some beast was making at him—and then that "one particular devil" was perched just on the opposite side of the street, grinning hideous at him. He muttered incoherently, and the numerous passers-by said he was only "drunk." There he sat several hours, and a little after noon, he staggered to a house near by, in which there happened to be only females, who, being frightened, would not let him in. He seated himself on the door-step, and there saw the same fancied dangers, until the poor-officer coming along took him home with him. He was very weak, and very sick, and the officer did all he could for him, but the poor creature had not been in the house fifteen minutes before he was dead. Here is a naked, unvarnished statement, without fiery expletives, such as we hear in temperance lectures sometimes.

A citizen, a man, a fellow-creature was dead, and the circumstances of his death were certainly singular. Had he been found with a bloody dirk, or a pistol, or an empty laudanum phial by his side, to indicate murder or suicide, we should have had an inquest over his body. But dying as he did, what need of an inquest? What could there be about it that was not disagreeable? So the inquest was not held, and the abused body of the poor drunkard was buried.

He died on town-meeting day, in our opinion, the citizens of our town could not have engaged in any so important business that day, as to have held a thorough inquest over that drunkard's body to ascertain under oath, all that pertained to his death—how much liquor he drank, and where he bought it, or who gave it to him, so as to make out a connected history of his descent from manhood down to his dishonored grave. The real facts would have made some ears in our town tingle.

But our little book has another record. Once on a time, not ten years ago, nay, not two years ago, we made a visit to a poor family in our town. We heard they were sick and suffering; so one cold, disagreeable day in March, we rode over to see them. We walked half a mile from where we tied the horse, and after crossing a valley and climbing part way up the side of the mountain through the bushes, we found the log-cabin, and entered it. The mother apparently had the consumption, and with her were three small children, seated at an old table supported with three legs. They were eating some buckwheat cakes. The house was not near so comfortable as many cow-stables. The wind came in cold currents through numerous holes. The immense fire-place had a little heap of coals, and no wood at the door.—The bedstead, an old, rickety affair, had a tick with some straw and some scanty coverings. There may have been a little bed for the children, but we do not remember seeing it. What a place for a consumptive to winter in! for little children to suffer in! A look upon that woman's face showed she was hopeless. She had suffered fearfully.—More than once was she compelled to sleep in the woods with a young babe, because a greater peril threatened her in the cabin from her drunken husband.

Well, we did what we could for them, and they

got through the winter, but the next winter things were no better, and one cold night one of the children died. People say the child froze to death; that the body, when found, was frozen fast to the floor, and that when they took it up, so fast was it frozen, that it was mangled in getting it loose! So the report goes, and there certainly were grounds for the rumor. At any rate the child was found dead, and it would seem as if an inquest should have been held over the body to ascertain, if possible, the reasons of the death. Witnesses under oath would have testified that the father was an able laborer, but a dreadful drunkard; that he sacrificed to rum enough money to have provided warm beds and clothing, and good food for his family, and that this child had died for want of these things. Oh, how that history, attested by the solemn oath, would have peeled out its thunder, for it would have pointed out several particular men who had been selling the rum which reduced this family to such awful extremities!

But then our citizens held no inquest over that little frozen body, and we confess to a feeling of wonder at the matter.

There is one more incident recorded in our book. Several years ago, one fearfully cold day, we visited a family, the head of which was a powerful laborer, but a drunkard. The wife seemed discouraged, but seemed to be making the best of the matter. Evidently they were suffering. That woman told me that repeatedly she had been compelled to flee the house and sleep in a neighboring barn, for fear her husband would kill her. This was the first time we saw the family. Some years after we saw them again in other circumstances. The man was dead and in his coffin this time, but what a rough road he had walked to get there.—His big, muscular frame, once would bear up under two quarts of rum in twenty-four hours, but at last it gave way. He had epileptic fits, then partial palsy, then he reformed, and then went back. He sold everything he could lay hold of, even the cow, and provisions which his wife had bought with her own labor, and he found men willing to trade rum for these things. Things came to a crisis, for his blistered stomach refused to retain rum any longer, and there was no vigor in the body to react. So he died; and when we were there, we were told there was not enough food in the house for a child's breakfast. Such was the end of the strongest and ablest worker in our town. A human life was extinguished by violent means—why not have an inquest to bring out the causes in their simple, yet dreadful nature? Why not spread it out by authority, that the people of our town might read in capitals, "FRUITS OF THE RUM TRAFFIC." Why not authenticate the inscription, *This is Murder in strict conformity to our Statute Enactment?*

But then there was no inquest over the body.

And so we might go over the death of A. B., and C. D., and E. F., and G. H., &c., &c.—a frightful catalogue—and show that our town not only shows a strange indifference about the legitimate fruits of the liquor traffic, but also a strange inconsistency about the extinction of human life, provided the thing is affected by slow poison and not by the happier modes of bludgeons, daggers or bullets! In fact, we plume ourselves not a little on our schools, our churches, our intelligence, our morality, our enterprise; but here we see one citizen after another die of rum with as much coolness as if we were stoics bending to our fate, and not freemen who have the power to cure the evil which is doing us more harm than all others combined!

Had juries of inquest been held over all the drunkards that have died in our town since Neal Dow's idea was announced, and the facts honestly spread out for our citizens to look at, we should have outlived the rum traffic even in our State, and our town would have helped to do it.

We are very decided in our belief that an inquest, thorough, searching, and honest, should be held over every drunkard's body; if for no other reason, to enlighten the people as to their remedy, their salvation in treating the rum traffic as they would a wolf on the mountains tearing to pieces helpless sheep and lambs.

Let us have inquest by all means.—*Tribune.*



For the Lily.

**LINES,**  
Suggested by reading the new Prohibitory Law.

From our halls of Legislation  
The "Prohibition" plan,  
Has wisely issued forth at length  
To rescue fallen man;  
And as Seymour is defeated,  
And Clark has won the day,  
We no more fear the veto,  
Or what the "rummies" say.

King Alcohol the Tyrant,  
Now abdicates the Throne;  
And lies upon a dying bed  
With many a hideous groan;  
He hears the tocsin ringing,  
And his requiem it shall be;  
When monarchies are overthrown,  
The people then are free.

To Temperance our hallow'd shrine,  
Good Templars made the vow;  
And lo! the great reward is here,  
And we have triumph'd now,  
The "Stars and Stripes," we have them still,  
Our country shall be free,  
From "womans wrongs,"—Intemperance;  
And from all Slavery.

The Czar and Sultan, they may war,  
And Pope and Pusey too,  
Our Standard bears no "Turkish arms,"  
No Russian Court, or Crew;  
But temperance is our "Crescent,"  
And our banner is unfurl'd;  
May it span the broad Atlantic shore  
And circle all the world.

Good Templars have their lodges,  
To improve, and bless the mind,  
To Truth—and Love—and Harmony  
All Templars are inclined;  
Our efforts strong—our motives pure—  
Our lives should tell the story;  
And when on earth—our work is done,  
To God be given the Glory.

Mrs. A. GREGORY.

ITHACA, N. Y., Jan. 26th. 1855.

In accordance with a call of the ladies of Centerville, a large concourse of persons assembled at the M. E. Church, on the evening of Friday, February 2, 1855.

On motion of Mrs. Harriet Woods, Mrs. Deborah R. Adams was called to the Chair, and Mrs. Jane H. McCord, appointed Secretary.

By request of the Chairman, Rev. F. G. Black offered prayer.

The chairman then announced the object of the meeting to be the hearing of the report of a committee previously appointed to visit all those in Centerville, who were engaged in selling intoxicating liquors, and request them to desist from their business, whereupon Mrs. Sarah Williams offered the following

**REPORT:**

The committee appointed to draft a petition, and obtain the signatures of the ladies of Centerville and vicinity, and to present the same to the merchants, grocers and druggists, and to obtain their answers, would present the following report:

The committee met and agreed upon a petition, which was circulated, and 313 signatures were obtained.

The following are the petition and names:

CENTERVILLE, January 27, 1855.

The circumstances which have compelled us to appear before you are both extraordinary and peculiar, while we feel a common interest in maintaining and perpetuating every legitimate branch of business in our community, we, at the same time declare our intention and pledge our united services to the DISCOURAGEMENT and DESTRUCTION of every branch of business which, overlooking the moral and social condition of society, seeks to intrench itself in the pavilion of its own selfishness, regardless of the moral and social interests of community. Such is the character of your business so far as it has any connection with the vending of intoxicating liquors. We, therefore, as the wives, mothers and sisters of this community, ask you, respectfully, to abandon AT ONCE and FOREVER, the unholy business of selling or giving to our husbands, sons, brothers, or the way-faring man, any and everything that can intoxicate. We wish, in fine, to say to you in *unmistakable terms*, that we want you to abandon the liquor traffic. We feel that we are the sufferers by your trade, and therefore have a right to ask this

address. We ask it *earnestly, sincerely*, and with determination, and we will wait *forty-eight hours* for your answer.

The following named persons agreed to discontinue the sale of intoxicating liquors as a beverage:

Henry Garthwait,	King & McMoechan,
Wm. L. Wilkinson,	J. Druley,
J. C. Hays,	Wm. C. Banta,
Jack & Baker,	F. V. Snider & Co.,
Elmer & Jones,	Elijah R. Harvey,
Emerson & M'Whinney,	Isaac Burbank,
L. Wolfer,	Andrew Reed,
Thomas Gaston,	Wm. C. Harvey.

The following persons refused to sign the pledge presented by the committee:

Myers Seaton & Son, Dry Goods Merchants;  
Mr. Lahee, Rumseller;  
George Rigsby, Grocer.

George Rigsby would sign if the committee would purchase his liquors.

The Committee have tried to do what they believed to be their duty, in the fear of God. They have done it sincerely, earnestly and prayerfully, and with the determination to accomplish what they have undertaken. All which is respectfully submitted.

On motion, the report was concurred in.

The meeting gave notice that unless the traffic was abandoned, they would destroy the liquor by pouring it upon the ground.

On Tuesday, the 6th inst., the ladies waited on all those engaged in the business of selling liquor, and purchased what they had on hand, amounting in all to about \$145. Mr. Lahee did not seem very willing to let his liquors go without receiving an exorbitant price. When the time arrived for the demolition of the liquors, about fifty ladies proceeded with a wagon to Lahee's establishment, and got his liquor put into the wagon, and took it and him to the street in front of the Court House, built a fire, stove in the whisky barrels with hatchets, and tried to burn it, *but it wouldn't burn!* It, with the other liquors, was poured out upon the ground.

Rev. George B. Jocelyn being present, was called upon for a speech, and most eloquently did he denounce the liquor traffic, and applaud the glorious conduct of the women who so nobly came forth to destroy that infernal traffic. He closed by proposing three cheers for the WOMEN OF CENTERVILLE, which were most heartily given by the assembled crowd.

The ladies afterwards paid Lahee for his liquor. Thus have the ladies of Centerville, at a cost of \$145, and their determined energy, destroyed the liquor business in that place.—*Palladium*.

From the Temperance Organ.

**White Water College, at Centerville, Ind.**

BY PROFESSOR NUTT.

The buildings of this Institution were originally erected for a county seminary, and are very spacious; ample for the accommodation of four hundred students. In 1848 these buildings were leased by the County Commissioners of Wayne County under a special act of the Legislature, obtained for this purpose; to the North Indiana Conference of the Methodist Episcopal Church, for the term of fifty years. The College was opened in the Spring of 1849, by the Rev. T. H. Lynch, under very favorable auspices.

During the last three years, the institution has continued to prosper, increasing, slowly, but constantly, in influence and the number of its pupils. It is controlled by a board of twelve Trustees, six of whom are elected by the North Indiana Conference, and six by the S. E. Indiana Conference. A board of visitors is appointed annually, by the two Conferences, whose duty it is to attend the meetings of the Trustees, and also the examinations and commencements of the College, and to report to their several conferences the condition of the Institution; and whether it is managed in accordance with their wishes and the provisions of its charter.

At its origin, it was a "Female College and Male Academy," and under the supervision of N. Indiana Conference. The joint control and patronage of S. E. Indiana Conference was solicited and obtained in 1850. In the fall of 1852, the Trustees changed the character of the Institution, to a Male as well as Female College, and the name was changed to "White Water College," and it now has all the authority, to grant and confer all the literary degrees and honors usually possessed by the highest literary Institutions in the land.

The Institution is prepared to graduate pupils of both sexes, in their several departments; also if it should be desired, young ladies can pursue the entire course of study

allotted to males, and graduate, as "Bachelor of Arts." Young ladies, in this respect have equal privileges with the males.

In accordance with the provisions of the new Constitution of the State, the College Buildings and realty, were offered for sale; last September, and were purchased by the Trustees, so that they are now the property of the Methodist Episcopal Church, in fee simple, and must be valued at eight thousand dollars.

As a location for an institution of learning, Centerville cannot easily be excelled. It is the county seat of Wayne county, a very neat and healthy village, containing about fifteen hundred inhabitants, among whom moral and religious influence prevails as extensively as in any other village in the West.

Situated upon the National Road, and also upon the Indiana Central, and Dayton & Western Railroad, it is convenient of access from every part of the White Water Valley, and from the Western part of Ohio. Wayne is one of the most populous and wealthy counties in the State, and furnishes a community well prepared to sustain a Literary institution.

The number of pupils was for the year 1851, 148; 1852, 191; 1853, 210. For the past year it was considerably larger.

**SUNSHINE AND HEALTH.**—No one in America appreciates the worth of sunlight and air. They act on the body as surely, even, if not as quickly, as on plants. No constitution can be suited even for work, without much of their influence. Every man, who possibly can, ought now to encourage any tendencies to these things.—*Times*.

**ACKNOWLEDGEMENTS.**

M Wall; Phebe S DeGarmo; Amanda Smith; R P Suge; Abbie B Barker; Sarah Haight; D W Forger; Angelina LePetit Martin; Jacob Willets; Rev D W Slater; Laura P Rice; A E Harvey; A A W Vaughn; John Graybill; Mary Vickers; Sarah H Moore; Robert S Fisher; Emily E G Flinn; V McArale; E S Taylor; Emily Heath; H Melissa Wells; L R Turney; C C Potter; Mary E Jolly; Mary Ann Reeves; Caroline Gibbs; Franklin Macy; J B Milhouse; R M Sanford; Celynda B Grandy; Paulina Geroy; Lucy H Howe; H De G Fuller; Harriet M Kellogg; N W Wadsworth; J Collier Cobb; A J Bell; Mary Smith; W Winslow.

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NEW LONDON, O.

**D. C. BLOOMER,  
ATTORNEY AND COUNSELLOR AT LAW  
AND LAND AGENT.**

**COUNCIL BLUFFS, IOWA.**

**W**ILL promptly attend to all legal business, entrusted to him in Western Iowa and Nebraska Territory. He will also give particular attention to the purchase and sale of lands, for farming purposes; and also of Town Lots, in Council Bluffs and other places in Iowa; and in Omaha City, Winter Quarters, Bellevue, and other towns in Nebraska Territory; the investigation of land titles, the payment of taxes for non-residents, the investment of money in real estate and all business connected with the Land Office in the district. Information in relation to the country, will be at all times freely communicated to persons addressing him on the subject, by letter or otherwise.

**REFERENCES:**

C. Voorhes & Co., Council Bluffs, Iowa.  
S. T. Carey, " " "  
James Peck & Co., Chicago, Illinois.  
Dr. C. D. Williams, Cleveland, Ohio.  
Henry Haigh, Detroit, Michigan.  
Hosmer Curtis, Mount Vernon, Ohio.  
Hon. W. A. Sackett, Seneca Falls, N. Y.  
Downs & Co., " " "  
Hon. J. K. Richardson, Waterloo, " "  
N. J. Milliken, Canandaigua, New York.  
Hon. W. H. Seward, Auburn, " "  
F. Chamberlain, Albany, " "  
Alfred Conkling & Co., New York City.

**OFFICE**—on Pacific street, a few doors south of the *Pacific House*, and near the Land Office.

Mr. B. will be in Council Bluffs early in April, and prepared to attend to all business that may be entrusted to him.

Dec. 15, 1854.